Friday Morning

Dear Deborah

I am writing in Channing's office in a great hurry — I suppose the boys does not go this morning — & I wish to explain why. I could write — I have no drawing class — the Grants are still at Cohasset I stay at Mrs Dinneen's but at Sylvia's — Lucretia Mott is there — & good & true friends are as thick as leaves in Valambrosa but I cannot enjoy it for I can only be here in the evening — I hope to have a sonnet this evening but there is such fighting & confusion — I had time Ellen — The boys does can tell you all about the disorders — I do about my drawing but have not had time but once — I have not heard Lucretia speak — but once — You know I suppose of Mrs's intended journals to a most little — I write again to — morrow — or as soon as I have one hour of time even then

Caroline —

Caroline M. Preston

Miss Deborah Preston

Care of Joseph Congdon

New Bedford

MS. A.9.2.4.93